SWITZERLAND IN WINTER.

The Country, Its Charms, and Its Amuse-

LAUSANNE, Nov. 24 .- It is wonderful how the fallacy still holds that Switzerland is a spot to be visited in summer only, or that it is a country which can be enjoyed, wandered over, dwelt in merely during the warmer months of the year and the long days, while it absolutely appears at its best in a seasonable, individual beauty of its own during the sharp winter time—a time which begins variously as soon as one morning the snow is visible on the summits and (creeps [stealthily down every night till it touches the waters of the lakes and lies heavily on the eternal green of the pines. Winter rids the cantons of the unappreciative perfunctory tourist, and clothes them in a rich gar ment of spotless hue. Along the Rhine, from Basic to Schaffhausen plains and mountains are dazzlingly white, the latter preserving their grand beauty of outline; the ugly, profitable vineyards lose their arid, commonplace aspect, and appear like so many miniature here deglace; from the rocks at the entrance

of dark tunnels, thousands of long feicles depend like transparent stalactites, fringing overhanging ledges of granite; the chalets seem to nestle cosily in their pure wrappings, while on the narrow passes gigantic waks of felled trees, drawn by patient oxen and shaggy horses, stamp their black contours on the universal whiteness. The sun, which has been coy and ill tempered during the late autumn weeks, waiting gloomily for the transhumor and smiles triumphantly for a few hours of each day on its changed dominions, as if to tell the solitary foreigner: "See what I can do in winter for the land of William Tell." The immense hotels are empty—that same solitary traveller can occupy the best room out of six hundred. If the big public rooms are shrunk, swathed in holland, at least he gets at a diminished table in a snug parlor the best attentions of the host, the porter, and the remaining waiters. The floating population, reduced to one or two units, is received everywhere almost with veneration. The choicest gossip, the most characteristic traditions are retailed for its benefit, logs of fragrant wood are piled up in the chimneys, the bell is answered even before the electric tinkle is hushed, and the meals prepared and served with noteworthy solicitude. There is plenty to do in Switzerland during

the winter. The skating is excellent, for nearly all the lakes have on their shores inland broads," or long, shallow overflows, divided from the more treacherous deeper water by low banks, on which the ice forms quickly, smoothly, and safely, affording long, exhilarating runs. Earlier in the season there is shoot-

low banks, on which the lee forms quickly, smoothly, and safely, affording long, exhilarating runs. Earlier in the season there is shooting—free, untrammelled sport, fettered by no restrictions save the formality of a gun license at a ridiculously low cost. Game certainly is not vory abundant. It is nowhere preserved, the profession of keeper is unknown, and the massacre of battues and driving unheard of; but there is the long bracing walk through the clear air, and the ever changing, ever beautiful scenery; the rests where magnificent views are obtained; the stopping at little rustic inns for the simple refreshment of bread and cheese, washed down by the white wire of the country and the less bucolic kirschwasser, and then the capture of some wild bird or beast that has led you a brisk, long, but not exhausting chase through wood and valley.

It has been said that the chamois is nowadays a myth, a tradition, an extinct animal of the past. It is no such thing. He may clude the sybaritic sportsman accustomed to stand in a warm corner while countless partridges are driven into the muzzle of his gun, but through November he falls frequently enough before the active, energetic hunter, who, starting over night from the valleys, eleeps in a lut on the mountain, gets up at daybreak and pursues the feet quarry perseveringly, climbing to the summits, venturing into the narrow defiles, and stopped only by the wall of freshly fallen snow, which is the chamois 'stronghold and safeguard. In the mountains behind the eastern end of 'the Lake of Geneva the pretty creatures are still fairly abundant; one man alone, a gentleman, shot twenty-two during the present year. They often come across the Swiss frontier from the shootings of the king of Italy above Courmayeur, and the knowing sportsman keeps himself cognizant of the days when King Umberto is "en chasse," so that he can avail himself of any windfalls coming his way. No sport in the Highlands ean compare with the "chasse au chamois," just as no Scotch scenery can view the l

One of the numerous industries of this wonderful little land is that of precious stones belonging to the less costly species. Round about
the St. Gothard and on the mountain amethysts,
garnets, and all sorts of crystals abound; occasionally golden ore is found. The best crystals,
sold at \$50 or \$40 cach, are of course discovence of the stones are brought to the surface after
the frequent land slides in the Oberland, but
since the huge blocks of pure crystal are imported into Europe for the fabrication of immortant articles, the Swiss crystals have fallen
considerably in value, so that the venders
barely make a living, and children can be
seen selling assortments of the smaller pobbles
at a penny apiece.

Each canton has a special national jewelry.
Holboin used to paint the indies of Basle with
belts of smbossed sliver. Some of these are
still oocasionally met with to this day. The
women of berne incek themselves with sliver
still oocasionally met with to this day. The
women of berne incek themselves with sliver
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of sliver hillings of the shape of flowers, and canmelled in bright colors. In the Tessin, on the Italian frontier, the
shape of flowers, and chambled in bright colors. In the Tessin, on the Italian frontier, the
fashion of Lucia's headdress, in the "Promessi
Bopsi." Fribourg has the chains three yards
in length wound round the neck, and supporting a lockst as broad as a saucer. In the "Italian
frontier the summer is a same of the sand of the sand of the summer is a supported to five chambles of siver hilpse, of the summer is
post you still flud mass

AT STANDING ROCK AGENCY. Unveiling the Standing Rock-Indian Burials

Just about a year ago there was enacted upon one of the high banks of the Missouri River a scene in itself remarkable and very significant as regards the future of some, at

For years the stone, said by Indian tradition to be the transformed body of a jealous squaw, and from which this Indian agency had derived its name, had lain by the roadside, uneared for and unnoticed by the passer by. The time had been and is not now far distant in the past when no Sioux Indian would have passed this stone without placing before it offerings of peads, paint, or such flesh of wild animals as he had with him. The civilizing influence of the whites as well as the idol-destroying influence of the Christian religion has, however, succeeded, to a great degree, in robbing it of its sacred character in the Indians' eyes. The stone, however, was in itself historical as having for years marked the assembling place of the Sloux tribes, and in later days in giving o the agency established there Its characteristic name.

Major McLaughlin, the Indian Agent in charge, had therefore decided to raise it from its ignominious position and place it more conspicuously upon a low stone pedestal. This having been done, couriers announced the fact to the members of the various tribes, and advertised the ceremony of unveiling to take place the following Saturday; and for many hours preceding the time set for the ceremony. Indians of all ages were seen coming in over the trails leading to the agency.

the trails leading to the agency.

The Standing Rock, now in its new position, had been covered by a new Government blanket, and the Indians, as they came up, picketed their ponies or turned them loose to feed, and formed an immense circle around were the old chiefs. Many of them had assisted in more than one war against the whites. Forming a concentric circle behind those were the chiefs and bucks of less degree, and in their rear were the squaws, youths, and children, who had come to take part in the ceremony. Piled up near the pedestal were boxes of hard tack, dried beef, and other articles of food which were to form the eatables at the feast that always accompanies an Indian ceremony of any importance. The old chiefs in the front circle, leaving the chattering and gossibing to the younger ones and the squaws in their rear, preserved a stoical silence as the long-stemmed red pips travelled slowly around the circle.

At the appointed hour the Indian Agent, accompanied by his half-breed interpreter, entered the circle, and the ceremony began with his speech, which was short, but, to judge from the grunts of appreciation, quite satisfactory to his audience.

He toid the Indians that they had long known

bring forth feed for us and our ponies. We should no longer pray for war but for peace. Our arrows are booken and our bows are unstrung. The buffalo no longer roams the prairies to furnish food for the red man. Without the cate that the feed that our friend."

Then litting up his paint-stained hands toward heaven, he prayed that the Great Spirit would cleanse the hearts of the Sloux; that He would take out the black thoughts of hatred and envy and place in their stead thoughts of hard and envy and place in their stead thoughts of sending war the Great Spirit would continue to send poace with the white men and with the indian tribes; that He would used rain upon their crops and make them bear much rain upon their crops and make them bear much rain upon their crops and make them bear much rain upon their crops and make them bear much rain upon their crops and make them bear much rain upon their crops and make them bear much rain upon their crops and make them bear much rain upon their crops and make them bear much rain upon their crops and make them bear much rain upon their crops and make them bear much rain upon their crops and make them bear much rain upon their crops and make them bear much rain upon their crops and make them bear much rain upon their crops and make them approaching the pile of viands, first placed some of each kind on the pedestal and in front of the rock, and then distributed the rest among the Indians. Long after the last crumb had disappeared little knots of indians still lingred near the rock as though roluctant to leave it.

During the intensely cold winters of Dakota the Indians suffer greatly from the cold. The young yours of exposure, assumed to the proposes strapped to a board, as is the custom with any of the proposes arms and the proposes and cold the papposes and cold the papposes and the papposes arms and the papposes and cold the papposes arms and had paped to the same rain the frozen body of her papposes, entered the paped trades and the paped to the paped to the paped to the

least, of our nation's wards.

parents and friends of the children, and it was very interesting to notice the glances and exclamations of pride from the wrinkled old Indians as the children acquitted themselves. Undemonstrative at all times, these Indians seemed, nevertheless, to appreciate fully the advancement their children were making, and gave unmistakable signs of pleasure thereat. The Indians of mature years can, as a rule, readily understand the English language, but it is only on rare occasions that they will consent to converse in it, preferring to adhere to their own primitive language of some 600 words, which is, however, when apoken by an Indian, always supplemented and made complete by a multitude of inflections and gestures.

At the conclusion of the entertainment a large Christmas tree bearing prosents for all of the children was lighted up, and many Indians looked on as interested spectators who, until very recent years, had never heard of Christmas. The Indians, like their more civilized neighbors, have a warm affection for their children, and dislike the isolation from them that their education would necessitate. But most of them, as soon as they are made to understand what is really best for their children, show that their parental love is not a selfish one by giving them up to be educated.

Black Bull, one of the most powerful Sloux chiefs, had a son 7 years old. He doubted the wisdom of allowing the boy to grow up following in the footsteps of those of his race who had gone before, and yet he disliked to send him away from the parental topes. Still underlied him before. He laid the case before her and sollcited her advice. She unhositatingly advised him to send the child to school, explaining to him her reasons for thinking so. Black Bull finally became convinced in his own mind that such a course was wisest, and, mounting his pony, rode all night until he reached his tepee, some thirty miles distant, and the next day he returned with the child, whom he turned over to the school authorities.

While the children are atte

THE BLACK TROUT OF ELK. Astonishing Fish Found in the Well of a

Sunken River-Dulling Trout.

companied by his half-breed interestor, correct the circle, and the ceremony began with his speech, which was short, but, to judge from the grants of appreciation, quite satisfactory to the route of appreciation, quite satisfactory to the total the Indians that they had long known him as their friend, and that he now further demonstrated his friendship for tiem by lifting him while men, when they had a month as the passes by would see it. He explained to them that it we white men, when they had a month a veil until it was ready to stand open to the passes by would see it. He explained to them that it was the not the passes by would see it. He explained to them that it was the not the passes by would see it. He explained to them that it was tend to the passes by would see it. He explained to them that it was tend to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He explained to the passes by would see it. He passes by would be passed by would be passe

of the river's fail could be heard fainter and fainter, until it seemed to have died away down in the howels of the earth.

Ab's ideas of sport soon got the best of his awe. He knew every trout stream within fifty miles, it generally shelse with a sinker and a grasshropper sometimes drowing the melodical properties of the country of t

MR. KARSHNER'S RAILROAD. It is Run with Less Nonsense than Any Other

ADELPHI, Ohio, Dec. 10,-This old but picturesque village, whose corporation includes the northeast corner of Ross county, is a terminus at this time of a railroad that has no parallel in the United States. The corporate nati, Hocking Valley and Huntington Railroad which would cover a line from Cincinnati north of Chillicothe, thence to the Hocking Valley and to Huntington, on the Ohio River, a dis tance of 180 miles. But the road is miles in length, as built, running from Adelphi o Kingston-all in Ross county. It is substan tially the creation of one man, and his present relation to it makes it a road unlike any other

The line could scarcely be better. Leaving the Scioto Valley Railroad at Kingston, it runs nearly due east, deficting a little to the south to touch Hallsville, ten miles to Adelphi. The track lies almost all the way on the surface of the ground. There is but one little bridge, one short low trestle, and almost no cuts. A considerable portion of it is in the fertile "prairie" which stretches across to the west from Adelphi to Kingston, and it all runs through rich and productive farming lands. Moreover, it opens to the markets of the world these fine lands, which have hitherto been dependent on long hauls by wagons for all their supplies and for transportation of produce.

The town of Adelphi owes its existence in the first place to the fact that it was on the line of travel in "early times" between Marietta, the first town in Ohio, and Chillicothe, which was the first capital of the Northwestern Territory and of the State of Ohio. The next reason for its existence is the natural beauty of its location, it lies just on the border, between the hills and the broad and fertile plains and "prairies," as they were called by the early settlers. The town is on beautifully rolling ground, with high points of view adjoining, from which the beauties of Laurel Valley, an narrow ravine, from the hills may be contributed with the broad fertile bottom lands of Sait Creek, stretching away for a distance of eleven miles southensatwardly without a break. Fennsylvanism formed the majority of its founders, and their descendants are here yet.

One of them. John Karshner, is the organizer of this road. He is a wealthy farmer, who formerly was a lending local politician, and was always a man of push and enterprise. He talked railroad so long that he finally formed an aerial company, obtained right of way with some donations, and, as the company never had any funds to spoak of to justify undertaking to build the endit of the produce of the said of the corner of the farmer of the produce of the said of the corner of the said of the co

trade despatchers.

Mr. Karshner hopes soon to end his litigation and then to arrange to push his road eastward into the coal regions in Athens county, and have a local road which will serve a community long needing a railroad, and find ample remuneration for the capital invested.

FORTUNES FROM BROOD MARES. Two Whose Colts Have Been Valued at More Than a Quarter of a Million.

From the Turf. Field and Farm. The average mind is always curious as to The average mind is always curious as to the value of the produce of a brood mare of cestablished reputation. When the breeder disposes of the foals and states prices it is easy to foot up the amounts and get the total. But when no transfer has been made we must act the part of an appraiser, and a guide to appraisement is the price known to have been offered for the animal under inspection. The first brood mare that we shall take is:

Green Mountain Maid, br. m. (1862), by Harry Clay, dam Shanghai Mary, a chesinut of untraced lines, but having the form and characteristics of the thoroughing of the state of th

be bought for.

16dit bik. c. Prospero, by Messenger Duroc (2:20),
said to W. M. Farks for.

1870, bik. f. Dame frot, by Messenger Duroc 1870, blk. f. Dame Frot, by Messenger Duroc (2 (22))
1871, ch. c. Paul, by Messenger Duroc (2 (22))
1871, ch. c. Paul, by Messenger Duroc (2 (22))
1870, ch. c. Marsheld, by Messenger Duroc (2 (22))
1870, ch. c. Mansfield, by Messenger Duroc (2 (23))
1870, br. f. Elias, by Messenger Duroc (2 (23))
1871, br. f. Elias, by Messenger Duroc (2 (28))
1883, b. f. Elias, by Messenger Duroc (2 (28))
1883, b. f. Elias, by Messenger Duroc (2 (28))
1885, blk. f. Elias, by Messenger Duroc (2 (28))
1887, b. c. Launcelot, by Messenger Duroc
1887, b. c. Launcelot, by Messenger Duroc

.\$244,000

15,000 8,000 8,000 8,000 D.UAN

Total..... £207,000 We place a high figure on Lord Russell because he is valued at Woodburn above price. The average of the yearings sold by him is \$3,000. An offer of \$50,000 for him would not be entertained. Pilot Russell, the younger brother, has not his commanding form, and his a gray. We doubt very much if Col. Stoner would take \$15,000 for Mambrino Russell.

would take \$15,000 for Mainbrino Russell.

Clara blk. m. (1848), by Seely's American Star, dam
the Mckinstry mare, the dam of Shark. Died the property of Jonathan Hawkins, Waiden, Grange county, N. F.
1884, br. c. Bester (19174), by Hambletonian. \$5,000
1883, br. c. Dictator, by Hambletonian. \$2,000
1883, br. c. Dictator, by Hambletonian. \$2,000
1884, br. c. Resrarge, by Volunteer. 10,730
1885, b. f. Hyacinth, by Volunteer. 20,530
1887, br. f. Gorrinne, by Volunteer. 20,530
1887, br. f. Americas by Hambletonian (dead). 5,000
1871, br. f. Americas by Hambletonian (dead). 5,000
1871, br. f. Alida, by Hambletonian (dead). 5,000
1875, bik. f. Alida, by Hambletonian (dead). 5,000 Total......\$115,000

Lady Doxter, Alma, and other sisters of Doxter have each produced foals which have sold or would sell for more than \$15,000, therefore the estimated value of the brood marcs in the table above is not out of the way. When 20 years old Dictator sold for \$25,000, and his stud fee is \$500. Mr. Bonner paid \$35,000 for Dexter. if yacinth is the dam of Reina Victoria, who sold as a brood mare under the hammer for \$7,025.

\$7,025.

Midnight, gr. m. (1805), by Alexander's Pilot. Jr., dam Twilight, thoroughbred daughter of Lexington, son of Boston. Died at l'aio Alio, Jan. 10, 1884.

1809, br. c. Midas, by Woodford Mambrino. \$1,000

1870, gr. f. Dawn, by Belmont. \$1,000

1871, gr. f. Noonday, by St. Kimo. \$1,000

1871, cr. c. Seaumont, by Relmont. \$1,000

1872, cn. c. Seaumont, by Relmont. \$1,000

1873, gr. f. Noontide (2 200, by Haroid. \$15,000

1874, gr. f. Daybreak, by Haroid. \$7,000

1874, bt. g. Jay-Lye-See (210), by Dictator. \$4,000

1884, ch. f. Lay's Karser, by Prescott. \$0,000

1884, ch. f. Lay's Karser, by Prescott. \$0,000

1884, br. a. Electricity, by Electioneer. \$10,000 Total.,.... \$100,000

Total \$100,000

The early foals of Midnight were lightly valued, and they were given no chance on the turf or in the stud. In her prime Noontide would have sold for \$15,000, and the summer that Jay-tyo-See made his record of 2:10 we had an option on him for \$50,000, which Mr. Case flew from when the trade was about to be closed. He wanted \$60,000 for the little gelding. Neither of the four distinguished mares named by us had what is called standard rank at the threshold of her career, and had the logic of the standard prevalled no effort would have been made to breed trotters from them. Through the possession of merit not measured by tape or rule each obtained commanding reputation.

STAMFORD'S RICHEST MAN.

His First Year's Salary \$80, and His Cash Expenditure 68 Cents. George A. Hoyt, President of the Penn-

sylvania Coal Company, who was found dead in bed on Sunday morning at his home in Stamford, died of apoplexy. He was at his desk in the company's office in the Washington Building on Wednesday for the last time. He was born on a stony farm on the ridge just back of Stamford in 1811. His father died when young Hoyt was but 13 years old. He left a small property, but young Hoyt gave his share to his brothers and sisters, and when he was 18 he struck out for himself. He got a place as clerk, porter, and errand boy in

clothing store in this city.
"I worked from sunrise until 9 o'clock at night," he said to a friend last winter, "and after that I studied. I got my meals at my employer's, and slept in the store. My salary was \$30 for the first year, and out of that I spent just sixty-three cents. The three cents was for a glass of birch beer, and it was my only extravagance. I never smoked a cigar in my life, nor drank a drop of wine or liquor. I tasted beer once—that was a good many year

iffe, nor drank a drop of wine or liquor. I tasted beer once—that was a good many years ago—and I have never wanted any since."

His special study was bookkeeping. Daring the years spent on the farm he had worked in the summer and gone to school winters, but he had had no chance to learn anything except the three Rs.

"For the next three years," he said, "I worked from sunrise until late at night, seven days in the week, I think now that it was wrong to work on Sunday, but I had undertaken to keep the books of six stores posted, and I had no time to do it in except Sunday."

His employers moved, Mr. Hoyt took the old stand and went into the clothing business for himself, and became rich. About twenty-cight years ago he bought property is Stamford and returned there to live. When he died he was the owner of nearly 200 houses there, and the largest taxpayer in the county. Stamford, between the Yaie & Towne Company's factory and the Sound, nearly all belonged to Mr. Hoyt. It is called Hoytville. All the rest of the town might be called so. There are Hoyts there, but they are of a different family.

Mr. Hoyt was proud of the Pennsylvania Coal Company. "but we pay our men higher wages and have made more money than some bigger concerns. All of us (pointing to the officers and clerks in the office) have grown gray in the service. It has been my policy never to let a good man go, We have never had a strike about wages originate among our men, and there are hundreds of them who have acquired a competency in our employ.

Frugal in his habits, he gave little to charities, but he furnished money in unstinted quantities for the charities of his wife. Some years ago, when business was at a standstill and many hands in Stamford were idle, Mr. Hoyt devised this plan to relieve his tenants: "I won't lower the rents," he said to his agent, "I won't lower the rents," he said to his agent, "I won't lower the rents," he said to his agent, "I won't lower the rents," he said to his agent, "I won't lower the rents," he said to his age

KICKING TOM VS. A KICKING BURRO. Bout Between a Gigantle Indianian and a

Lively Donkey-The Denkey Floored. From the Alta California.

Lively Bonkey—The Benkey Floored.

From the Alta Cathornia.

In the early days of Dutch Flat a inrege-boned and gigantic Indianian was known to his rough but kindly associates as "Kicking Tom." He had won the nickname by reason of the terrille force with which he could launch his great sinewy foot against an opposing object. He was, besides, as lithe and springy as a panther. In those days men were not very particular about the character of their amusements, although nothing mean or underhanded took place among them. Their rough courtesy was genuine and hearty, and they were as brave as Norman barons or Paladins of France. They at times had little regard for human life, but in their dendly affrays they took the lion and not the hyena for their model. They admired courage and strongth, because those were qualities which came every day into requisition, and without them there was neither peace nor safety in the then law-less realm of the gold seekers.

Among those pioneers of the wilderness Ricking Tom had grown into universal popularity. He was generous, brave, and kindly, and, what perhaps endeared him to his associates more than anything else, he was always foremost in the rough sports of the camp. He was ever ready for fun and frolic, and it was a matter of supreme indifference to him whether this took the form of pleasant opisodes or rough fighting. He exemplified the old adage that "It is just as good to light as to eat." One day a miner brough into camp a Mexican burro which soon obtained a wide celebrity as a vicious animal, who, when excited, would attack man or beast with desperate fury. Several mountain ponies had been kicked to death by him, and more than one man had nearly lost his life by the savage heels of the brute. So exciting had become the record of the jack's achievements that they became the subject of universal conversation and inquiry among the miners. Sitting in their cabins they spun wonderful tales of what he had done and was enpable of doing.

"He is the liveliest kicker going." said o

cabins the spend wonderful tales of what he had done and was capable of doing.

"He is the liveliest kicker going." said one.

"You are right, old man. That beast can kick the hair off a man's head without touching the skin." replied one of his companions.

That was touching Tom in a tender place, and after a moment's reflection he spoke up with the remark:

"He can't outkick me." The observation was received with amazed silence.

"Lord, Tom! Why, he'd make mince ment of you in a minute."

"Would he?" replied the athletic Indianian.

"Then he can have the chance. I'm ready to kick for \$100, and may the best man win."

"Or the best jack." interposed a companion.

I mean what I say, old man, so don't be too spry with your tongue." And Tom's brow lowered in gathering anger. His friends apolegized for the jest, and the crowd dispersed.

The next day the rumor want wild through the campthat Tom was willing to kick the barro for a wager. In the dusk of the evening the miners gathered in from their work and discussed the subject in all its bearings. Opinion as to the match was about evenly divided. If anything, Tom was the favorite. Under these circumstances a mill for \$100 a side was easily arranged between the beast and the man, and it was decided that the conflict should come off the next Sunday afternoon.

Promptly at the appointed hour every inhabitant of Dutch Flat was assembled in a little level spot just outside the limits of the camp. The preliminaries were quickly arranged and the fight began. The beast seemed to take in the situation at a glance, and, laying back his cars, he watched his wary opponent with angry eyes. Suddenly Tom leaped forward and landed a terrific kick squarely on the junction of the neck and head. The brute receive before the force of the blow, but recovering on the instant, he wheeled and launched both heels at his antagonist. The man leaped aside, and as quick as lightning responded with another feuring kick on the burro's neck. And so the conflict raged. Sometimes the love of the blo

NOT A GLOVE-WEARING PROPER Perhaps We Never Will.

Pleasant promenade days always exhibit

the peculiarities of the glove-wearing American. He invariably covers his hands with dogskins on a cold day; but when the air is warm enough he discards them altogether, or carries them half the time in his cane hand. There'll have to be another generation of fashion in the United States before it becomes a man's second nature to glove himself before leaving home. The society writers invariably make their heroes come to the notch on the glove question, and the fashion articles earnestly insist on its importance. But careless men, men with fine hands and white tapering fingers, men with big rings, men in a hurry, and men who like to wash their hands often won't wear gloves if they can holp it. Yet they recognize it as a sign manual of the mode.

Hoscoe Conkling is rarely seen on the street without gloves. John W. Mackey and Bob Ingersoll rarely with them. The late Algernon S. Sullivan never left home without covering his hands as carefully as his head. The young Vanderbilts are often seen with light street gloves carried in the left hand. William I. Scott often wears light kids, a nobby Derby, and a slender cane as jountily as if he were under his thirties. Benjamin H. Bristow doesn't wear gloves often. Postmaster Poarson is fond of keeping his fingers well clothed. Mme. de Barrice imports her own gloves.

The fashionable novelty in tint, as seen in the shop windows, is a rosy brickdust, bursting into sunset plak. second nature to glove himself before leaving

DISUNION ABOLITIONISTS DEFENDED A Few Facts-John Quincy Adams a Dis-

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Mr. Ell Thayer, the chief locomotive of the New Eng-land Emigrant Aid Company, wants to make the people believe that he and his associate destroyed slavery, and that the American Anti-Slavery Society did nothing but harm to the cause of emancipation. He says that the Garrisonians "had no following but of cranks and monomaniaes like themselves;" and he describes the disunion Abolitionists as a spite ful set of malcontents, "who preached anarchy and applauded Anarchists; and had the North

be dominant throughout this land." But the worst characteristics of the Garrisonians, in Mr. Thaver's estimation, was their opposition to his scheme of territorial colonization from the free States so as to outnumber the pro-slavery emigration, and thus create a free State by squatter sovereignty. It is true enough that the leading Abolitionists, warned by the utter failure of all previous attempts to limit the encroachments of the slave power, distrusted that enterprise and predicted its fallure. But fortune favored the political crusade, and if Mr. Thayer can point out a leading Garrisonian Abolitionist who deplored the final result in Kansas, let him give the name.

followed their leadership, slavery would now

My own sentiments in regard to disunion I frankly avowed in a brief letter published in THE SUN of June 1, 1887, called out by Mr.

frankly avowed in a brief letter published in The Sun of June 1, 1887, called out by Mr. Thayer's former assault upon the Garrisonian Abolitionists. I was an avowed disunionist, but sometimes voted for the Free Soil candidates and sometimes put in a split Whig ticket. And when the Republican party was formed I always voted that ticket straight.

And now, looking back, I am far from repenting of my former sentiments. What Garrison and Phillips proposed was peaceable disunion. Garrison himself was an avowed non-rosistant, who would have died rather than save his own life by killing or even maiming an assasin. Well do I remember a speech of Wendell Phillips in the old Broadway Tabernacle. He said, in substance: "Let Massachusetts withdraw herisenators and Representatives in Congress; let her refuse to make a return of her customs duties to the general Government until slavery is abolished by a constitutional amendment. Let the Ray State take that stind, and there is not power in all the States of the Union to coerce her into submission." As I came out after hearing that speech I chanced to walk by the side of Salmon P. Chase, then a United States Senator. He was conversing with a friend, and I heard him say: "This remedy, disunion, will be a practicable one when everything else falls, but I believe we can accomplish the work without it."

That was, I think, the year before or the year after the repeal of the Missouri compromise, which was so manfully resisted by Senator Chase. Now, suppose that the Southern squatters had succeeded in making Kansas a slave State despite the efforts of Mr. Thayer's Emigrant Aid Society, where would Salmon P. Chase have stood as an anti-slavery man? Think you he would not have become almost, if not altogether, a convert to the doctrine of Garrison and Phillips?

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Secession or disunion is revolution. It may be justified by adequate cause and sanctioned by success, The vital error of the late Southern secession was the want of adequate cause.

As long ago as 1819 John Quincy Adams considered the continuance of the Union for any length of time as very precarious. And Henry Clay said in the hearing of Mr. Adams: "In five years we shall be split into three confederacies." Speaking of the Constitution of the State of Missouri, Mr. Adams said:

It disfranchises all the colored citizens of the free State. " While that article subsists I would hold the white citizens of Missouri as allen within the Commonwealth of Missouri constitution of the Union; but that dissolution of Adams and defenciess as they are, so much the more sacred is the obligation to defend them. I would defend them should the dissolution of the Union be the consequence. A dissolution of the Union mast result in the extirpation of slavery from the whole continent, and calamitous and desolating as this in its progress most be, so glorious would be its final issue that as God shall judge me, I dare not say it is not to be desired."

Now let Ell Thayer pince the name of John Ouiney Adams in his gategory of "cannes and

shiered the continuance of the Union for any Clay and lime as very preservious, And. Here Contested to the Constitution of the throughout the valley every man who could be obtained was set to work stripping the stalks and bundling the leaves ready for the warehouses. The farmers along the line of the Housatonic road have for several seasons had poor luck with their tobacco fields, and some would not plant at all last spring. The acreege remained nearly the same, however, on account of larger crops being set out by the old raisers, who expected a profitable season.

The Connecticut seed lost tobacco is known throughout the country as the best that can be used for wrappers, and some of the linest Havana cigars are enclosed in an outside strip of Connecticut weed. The tobacco must be free from perforation by insects and cured in just the proper stage, or cise it is unfit for wrappers. If used for fillers the price immediately drops nearly one-half. Producers must therefore be expert in taking care of the weed after it has been successfully grown, cut, and housed. A warm fog at just this season may be expected about one year in five, and when it does come it brings joy to the hearts of hundreds of tobacco farmers whose income for the year depends in a great measure upon the quality of the wrappers they can throw into the market.

Tobacco from above and below this village finds its way into the warehouses here. There are large farms devoted almost entirely to its growth at Brookfield. Woodville, Roxbury, Kent. Warren, Newtown, West Cornwall, and many smaller towns in the interior. At all these places strippers, sorters, and packers are at work, and in a week or two the bundled weed will rapidly fill up the storehouses here to await orders from middlemen and consumers. Some of the largest growers here are Carl F. Schoverling, who has seventy strippers and packers; D. E. Soule, with forty men; T. Soule, Sherman Hill. H. O. Warren, and William Carter, with thirty-five or forty men each. The signs now are that the pickings of 1887 will come out of the cases this whiter of good color, fine texture, and superior flavor. Then the belies of the vil

PATRONAGE IN PIKE COUNTY.

The Lucrative Clerkship which Eight Place Hunters Are Ardently Seeking. MILPORD, Pa., Dec. 8.—The distribution of political patronage in Pike county by the new Board of County Commissioners is at present disturbing the Board not a little. The patronage to be distributed is Clerk to the Board. There are eight applicants for the place, and how to distribute it so as to best serve the interests of the Democratic party in Pike is a puzzle. The place is worth \$350 a year. One of the applicants lives forty miles from the county seat. He is a farmer. If he gets the place he will have to move his family over the mountains to Milford or pay his board some-where in the village, as the Clerk must be on where in the village, as the Clerk must be on hand all the time. But as he is willing to rent his farm and come in If he is made Clork, a pretty good idea of the fertility of the land in that part of the county may be obtained. The struggle among the eight aspirants is fleree, and the one who gets the Clerkship will be looked upon as the luckiest man in the county. The office of Commissioner of the County is a rich take in itself. It is worth all the way from \$330 to \$550 a year, according to the number of county bridges that are washed away and have to be rebuilt. The Board meets every once in a while, and one of the new members will have to rite a distance of forty-one miles to attend the meetings, over a road so rough that when strangers start to ride over it they are always asked if they wear false teeth, and if they do, they are advised to take them out and put them in their pocket, as the teeth are liable to be joiled out and run over by the wagon.

Another nice little official plum in Pike county, and one that is always warmly contested for, is Jury Commissioners. The Jury Commissioners draw the names of jurors four times a year, and get all a year for doing it. GOLD ON THE HOUSATONIC.

Some Connecticut Men Have High Hopes

that They Have Struck It Rich STRATFORD, Conn., Dec. 9 .- Gold has been discovered on the banks of the Housatonic, two miles above the bridge of the New York. New Haven and Hartford Railroad, on the estate of Capt. Jim Wheeler. The place has long been known as Juniper Rocks, a hauling place for shad in the summer and a camping ground for rabbit hunters in the winter. The rocks are in a vast ledge on the west bank of the Housa-tonic, and when the iron bridge was built across the river a few years ago Minot Blakeman quar-

tonic, and when the iron bridge was built across
the river a few years ago Minot Blakeman quarried out the stone for the piers. Blakeman observed streaks of yellow deposit in the ledge,
which had the appearance of gold, but which
was pronounced by local wise men to be nothing but iron pyrites. Blakeman often remarked
to visitors in a jocular way that he had struck
a gold mine, and it now appears that he was
much nearer the truth than he supposed, for
within a few weeks it has been found that gold
does exist in considerable quantities in Juniper Rocks.

The discovery was made by Thomas B. Fairchild of this town while in company with
Frank Wheeler searching for Indian arrow
heads and stone axes. When he came upon
the Juniper Rocks quarry a vein of metal on
one side of the broken ledge attracted his attention. The surface was washed bright by
the overflow from Peck's Spring on the hill
above, and Fairchild could see that the metal
was abundant. He called to Wheeler, and the
two men spent an hour in a close examination
of the different strata of rocks which had
been laid bare by the quarrymen four
years ago. Fairchild was positive that
the metal was gold, and he believed
he saw traces of nickel. The men swore secrety
and proceeded to knock off samples of the hard
trap rock. Some of the richest specimens were
taken to Bridgeport and submitted to Chemist
T. E. Peck, who, after careful analysis, pronounced the precominating metal to be gold,
with a good percentage of nickel and considerable lead oxide.

Fairchild and Wheeler, upon receiving the
chemist's report, set about to purchase the
ledge, but Cortex Wheeler, the young inheritant of, the Capt Jim Wheeler property, refused
to part with the old fishing place. A lease of
the ledge was then consummated, and so confident are the discoverers that wealth will flow
into their coffers that they have already named
the diggings the Juniper Mine, and will at once
proceed to blast out and crush the ore.

LOOKING FOR A FIGHT.

Sports Searching to Vain for the Postponed Dempsey-Rengun Mill. According to a previous arrangement

Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight cha apione and Jack Reagan, who wants to be champion, met at the Police Gazette office yesterday morning to choose a referee and make the final arrangements for the fight for Richard K. Fox's championship belt and \$2,000, for which they have been training. It was then pro-posed to go to a secluded place and have the light. Among the sporting men who gathered to see the arrangements made were Harry Hill, Gus Tuttle, Billy Read, Mike Donovan, Frank Stevenson, Jack Mc-Auliffe, Bob Smith, and Alf Powers. There was no trouble in completing the arrangements. Stevenson being chosen referes; but when it came to leaving for the fighting ground the crowd had grown so large as to be unmanageable. There were over a hundred men

FARMER MOONSHINERS.

Two Rural Distillers Whose Property is in Danger of Conficution, "Moonshiners" among the farmers of Fus-

nam and Dutchess county are found among the distillers in the "applejack belt" near the State line. They are not like the desperate outlaws that the revenue officers have to deal with in the mountain fastnesses of the South and West. The officers do not have to take their lives in their hands and make an armed search for illicit stills in the face of an armed resistance. In fact, it is believed that there are no illicit stills there. But in every district there is an authorized and registered still. From these places "crooked" applejack is sometimes issued. Both counties are in the Fourteenth district, of which Ibon Hess is somotimes issued. Both counties are in the Fourteenth district, of which Ibon Hess is Collector, with his office in Atbany. A deputy collector at Poughkeepsle is in immediate charge of the field, but at present there is a vacancy in that position. The distillers are allowed to make as much spirit as they like, and a general supervision of them is kept it determine the capacity and probable product of each still. The law forbids any applejack being taken from the premises until inspected and stamped by the Government stuger. The main reliance for the enforcement of this law is the very severe penalty for its infringement. Violations of it are punishable by the forfeiture of the farm, dwelling, still, and still house, and much of the personal property of the offender. Yet the temptation to evade the tax is so strong that attempts at secreting the applejack from the gauger and inspector are sometimes made. The officials say that nine out of ten of such attempts are discovered. The residents of the famous applejack district say this may be so, but it is evident that they do not believe it.

United States District Attorney Walker has now on hand two cases of suits for forfeiture for this offence. Ira Slocum, a farmer and distiller of Pleasant Ridge, Dutchess county, a man 70 years old, is one defendant. About ten days ago he sent for the gauger to measure and inspect the products of his mill, so that he could dispose of it. That official thought that from the capacity of the still and the evidence of the amount of work that had been done with it, the visible supply of applejack was short, A search revealed a large quantity of it that had been secreted in a straw pile. On the 36th of November Alvah Hyatt of Carmel, Putnam county, was caught in the same way and a lot of applejack found hidden in nit under a big pile of corn-stalk fodder. The proceedings against Hyatt and Slocum will probably never be carried to the extent of confiscating their farms of 200 and 112 acres respectively, but in the end it will cost them t